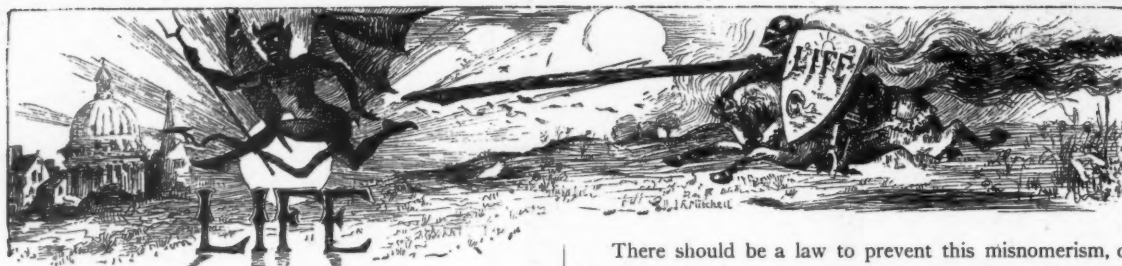


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A RIVAL IN THE FIELD.

Ancient Bridegroom (short-sighted and morbidly jealous): WHO WAS THAT BOWED SO CORDIALLY TO YOU FROM OVER THE WALL? THOSE FAMILIAR NODS ARE SIMPLY OFFENSIVE.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. MARCH 17, 1887. No. 220.

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THE *Century* for March continues its biographical remarks on the great men of Abraham Lincoln's time, with a few bits of irrelevancy about Lincoln himself thrown in. The historical narrative that Messrs. Hay and Nicolay are giving us is a great success as a picture of days gone by, and it is a great pity that it should be marred by those personal details of an obscure Illinois lawyer which we notice have crept into the story from time to time.

Apropos of the title of this history, we sometimes feel discouraged over the tendency our literary men have to misname their works.

"Abraham Lincoln," by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, would properly be christened "From Boone to Booth; or, the Surprising Adventures of Senator Tom, Governor Dick, and Congressman Harry, in the Early Days of the Roaring Republic," an honest style of title which seems to have died out with our grandfathers in literature. There was once a happy day when the purchaser of books knew what he was getting when he invested his money. Now, he buys a volume, entitled "The Merry Men," to read in the silent watches of the night, and thus relieve the overwrought condition of his weary brain. What are the consequences? Read Robert Louis Stevenson's last book, and see if your mind becomes underwrought or whether the hair that is on your head will remain in a normally recumbent attitude for any given time.

Even the idols of literary mankind are falling into this besetting sin, and we find James Russell Lowell advertised as contributing a poem to the *Atlantic Monthly*, which is—well, not all poetry by several yards.

Mr. Howells, the cap to the present literary climax, publishes a volume with the single innocent title, *Poems*; and as far as division of lines and arrangement goes, they are poems—and they are bound like poems, and to a near-sighted person who can't read, they look like poems; but in reality they are more prosaic than anything of Mr. Howells' we have ever had the good fortune to read, and by no means as poetic, even in the measure of their *afflatus*, as the same gentleman's prose.

There should be a law to prevent this misnomenclature, or else we should be consistent and name our girls John, Thomas or James, and our boys should all be Maggies or Minnies.

NOW, all you great men who were eminent in war times, and sit on the front bench still, spread along. The death of Henry Ward Beecher has left a large vacancy, and there are none too many of you left to make a showing. Spread yourself, William Evarts! Spread yourself, Tecumseh Sherman! The country has need of you and likes to remember that you are perennials.

WHAT do you think about Minister Ward? Was he insane when he shot his wife, or is he a wolf in a pelt who has always abused his wives whenever he felt mean? The question is full of psychological interest. Without desiring to prejudice any person's opinion, we are inclined to think that Ward has a diseased mind, and is a proper object of sympathy. All the same he ought to be tried and sent to prison. He isn't mad enough to be sent to an insane asylum, nor sane enough to be at large. Sing-Sing seems to be the place for him.

IF our young friend, Washington Irving Bishop, can only perfect his system of mind reading, and gain the confidence of the people, he can save this town a pretty annual penny by simplifying the trials of criminals. How the lead would drop away from the heel of Justice, if, instead of witnesses, jurymen and counsel, to find out about the financial methods of an alderman, the prisoner's mind could be examined by Mr. Bishop, and the results of the diagnosis communicated to the judge. The facts being thus elicited, only the application of the law would remain, and justice would be cheaper than eggs in April.

MR. HOWELLS was fifty years old the other day, and being interviewed gave manifest evidence of mature wisdom, saying among other things that Mark Twain was one of the ablest writers of the day. If Mr. Howells has not passed the teachable age he ought to read Stevenson. There's a writer for you, William, and one that makes literature! Your Mark Twain doesn't pretend to be literary. When he works he's a funny man, and when he enjoys himself he's a business man, and he makes his phases work together like a jack-knife and a stick.

THE *Times* states that Julius T. Davies is now engaged in winding up the firm of Grant & Ward.

What for? Does any sane man want that firm to go again?

A BOX PARTY.

THE curtain's up, and *Faust* is singing
His vain desire for love and youth;
His tender tones are sweetly ringing
Two master-minds' eternal truth.
Half tranced, the people sit and listen—
So sweet the tenor never sang;
With notes so bright they seem to glisten,
When—hark! what means that awful bang?
'Tis but the door of Box A closing,
Released by white-gloved, careless hand;
Four men, five ladies enter, posing
The "rabble's" wonder to command.
Now cloaks and wraps with downy lining
Slip from their wearers' many charms,
Showing, with costly stuff's outlining,
Considerable neck and arms.

And then, with lazy languor sinking
Upon the box's foremost chairs,
Ces dames prepare to show, unthinking,
Their own (no, not the opera's) airs.
They forthwith add, with laugh and chatter,
Their quota to the whole effect:
What though they spoil a scene—what matter?
They do as their sweet wills direct.
And so they rattle on unceasing,
Until the curtain falls at last—
A worried audience releasing
From interruption fierce and fast.
And as they go where supper's waiting—
Game, oysters, terrapin and wine—
The fairest of them all is stating,
She thinks the opera "just divine!"

S. D. S. Jr.

AN EXPLANATION.

MRS. DE BOGGS: "Have you heard how Mrs. De Peyster—she that was Sallie Van Cott—has received the degree of A.M. from Wellesley?"

MRS. WAYBACK: "No; I haven't heard. What does A.M. mean?"

MRS. DE BOGGS: "Why, it stands for *alma mater*, of course. Didn't you know she had two children?"

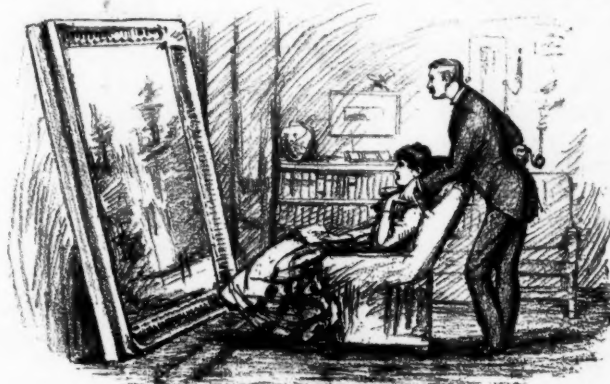
MRS. GNU VORICH says that she is going to take a cottage somewhere in New Jersey this season; but it is a *sine quinine* that there shall be no malaria.

He does a driving business—The cabman.



ALSO, OUR YOUNG AFFECTIONS RUN TO WAIST.

—Byron.



A WEDDING GIFT.

She: WHAT POSSESSED YOUR UNCLE TO SEND US SUCH A THING?

He: OH! I SUPPOSE IT'S FINE. YOU KNOW THE OLD MAN WRITES THAT WE MAY NOT LIKE IT AT FIRST, BUT IT WILL GROW UPON US.

She: GROW! GOOD HEAVENS! THAT WOULD BE TOO MUCH.

NEW DEFINITIONS.

LAW. An elaborate tergiversation for defeating the ends of justice.
RESPONSIBILITY. A pair of boots that cramp the feet and are frequently thrown in a neighbor's door-yard.
MIND. A scientific postulate from which we deduce the theory that the Ego is self-existing and that human reason is superior to divine wisdom.
SALOON. A political training-school; an educator in politics.
LOVE (obs.). An old-time superstition, the result of nympholepsy.
FRIENDSHIP. A reciprocal relation for securing benefits whose continuance depends upon the susceptibility of one mind to being duped by another.
BANKRUPT. A man who demonstrates his failure to live at the expense of other people by making an assignment, and gives his money to the lawyers so his creditors can't get it.
CHEEK. A superior test of business capacity; political assets.
TARIFF REFORM. (A synonym for OLD YARN.) An old stocking in the hands of the politicians, which is being re-knit by one set as fast as it is unraveled by another.

Harold Van Santvoord.



THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

MARCH 17TH.

IN the morning he sallies forth gaily,
To join in the gallant parade,
'Neath the sheet of green muslin that's labeled,
"The old Tipperary Brigade."

About noon he shakes his shillalah,
And calls, "wid de whole av 'is troat,"
For some "bloody son of ould England"
To tread on the tail of his coat.

And at night he's replete with emotion,
Derived from six bottles of Rye,
And in honor of Holy St. Patrick,
Deprives his sweet spouse of an eye.

* * *

"WHAT is the Drift for '88?" asks the *World*.

We think we are safe in saying that there is snow-drift for '88.

* * *

ENGLAND needn't be so proud of her leisure class. Since we gave up the Prison Labor Contract System we have a leisure class too, and what's more, we keep it in a fair apology for a feudal castle at Sing-Sing.

* * *

THERE is a flower named *Nepenthes Charles A. Dana*, which sells for a dollar.

Can't the *Times* get up a *Platycorium Georgejonesium*, and sell it for \$1.10?

* * *

MRS. POTTER'S first appearance, it is stated, will be in "Man and Wife."

We fear there is a mistake about this. There is an unnatural transposition of terms.

* * *

WILL not some public-spirited man organize a Society for the Suppression of Price?—we mean the detective of that name. He is an unmitigated nuisance, a terror to respectability.

* * *

BROOKLYN deprived of Beecher? 'Tis but a "name writ in water."

* * *

ALTHOUGH Mr. Howells has completed his fortieth year, life still wears a novel aspect to him. He has a great future behind him.

* * *

THE Infant King of Spain is able to walk Spanish now with the assistance of the Minister of the Nursery.

IF the *Tribune* ever gets out of Mr. Reid's hands, the head-lines of the editorial page will possibly read:

Founded by Horace Greeley,
Foundered by Whitelaw Reid,
Found Dead by ———

* * *

WE cannot conscientiously express wonderment that the French and Germans are at loggerheads. The Germans generally are at lager-heads.

* * *

A FRAGMENT FROM MILTON.

(Hitherto Unpublished.)



Fitzterence O'Donovan Hoole,
With a keg of cold powder did fool;
And up from the alley
Fitzterence did sally,
To return when the weather gets cool.

* * *

LATEST READING OF AN OLD PROVERB.

THE fool and his overcoat are soon parted!

* * *

MRS. JAMESBROWNPOTTERINGS.

THE Haymarket Theatre, London, has secured Mrs. Potter as leading lady. Miss Terry having refused to give up her situation at the Lyceum, Mr. Irving will have to get along without the accomplished American as best he may.

Mrs. Potter is to be commended for her consideration of other members of her profession. Recognizing that there is more room at the top than at the bottom, and being too amiable to crowd anyone, she begins at the top, content to work her way down, slowly, of course, but none the less surely, as the opportunity offers.

The European war will be postponed until Mrs. Potter has debatted.

SCRAPS.

A PLEASANT young lad had a knife
Whose pitch was as sharp as a knife:
So shrill was its shriek
That he "busted" his chiek;—
And his neighbors are weary of knife.

A CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.

TOMPKINS: How are you? Oh, say,
I will pay you that bill the next
time I meet you!

JOHNSON: You have been saying that
for months. A little change would suit
me better.

TOMPKINS: Oh, well, I'll try not to meet
you any more.

BEEN THERE HIMSELF.

"GOING out hunting without a dog?"
"What in thunder do I want of
a dog?"

"To blame for not bringing in any
game."

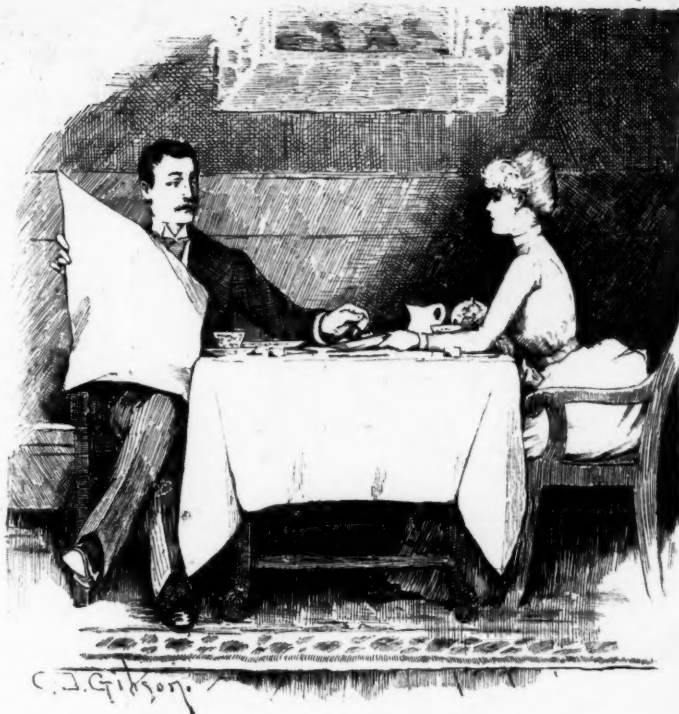
SOBRIETY.

ARKANSAS JUDGE (to prisoner):
You swear (hic) that on th' night
in (hic) question, you were sober ash
judge?

PRISONER (hastily): No, sir.

AND were you not afraid of being in
Marseilles? Didn't you dread the
small-pox?

MRS. PARVENEUE: Oh, no, indeed! I've
already had the celluloid, you know.



Tom: MY DEAR, MARY FORGOT SOMETHING THIS MORNING WHEN SHE SET THE
TABLE.

Sally: WHAT WAS IT, LOVE?

Tom: THE NUT-CRACKERS, FOR THESE POTATOES OF YOURS.

And she has been a month at the Cooking Club!

COMPOSITE AFFECTION.

BLONDIN ALONZO SIMPKINS, on seeing the beautiful
composite portrait of the last senior class of Smith College,
published in the *Century*, fell straightway in love, and resolved
that the one object of his heretofore vain and empty life should
be to seek, find, and wed the fair one. While in this frame of
mind he wrote the two first stanzas of the following.

The next day he was made to understand that the photograph
was not that of a single angel, but those of forty-nine separate
and distinct ones super-imposed upon each other. Filled with
grief and disappointment he penned the remaining lines as an
offering to the memory of the lost one — or ones.

I.

THE world, until I saw thy face,
Was dark and dull and drear;
Now nature smiles in every place,
No future do I fear.

All troubles, cares and woes depart,
No obstacles appall;
The hope that thou wilt rule my heart
Bids every barrier fall.

II.

Alas, sad Fate! once more the world
Is but an empty show;
Again I'm hopeless, lone and sad,
Nor may I comfort know.

Whom I had once resolved should be
For life my partner fair,
Can never, never be my own—
I live but for despair!

If with the turbaned Turk I dwell,
Or with the Mormon, thrifty,
Two, three — six wives might bless my lot—
But even then, not fifty!

WHAT NEXT?

ANTHONY COMSTOCK has sent a Jerseyman to prison
for two years and fined him \$500 for selling Balzac's
Droll Stories and the Queen of Navarre's "Heptameron."
We are all of a tremble for fear Tony may find out about
the Bible or take a notion to read Shakespeare.



World.

5.
ov

OCTOBER 24, 1906. WITH SUPPLEMENT.



ONE OF THE TRIALS OF A PROFESSIONAL
BEAUTY.

LINES.

AFTER VICTOR HUGO.

SWEETHEART, were I a king to-day,
My subjects all, on bended knees,
Led by myself, uncrowned, should lay
All gifts before thee fit to please.

Were I the Lord of Life above,
All fecund spheres should wait on thee ;
While for one kiss of thine, dear love,
Eternity a breath might be !

John Moran.

AT THE ORCHID SHOW.

THE wax potentates at the Eden Musee had to take a back seat last week. The flowers that bloom in the spring held the body of the house, and a very respectable looking crowd they were.

General Washington, who still crosses the Delaware eight hours each day, was quite concerned over the situation in which he found himself.

"Why," said he, "I never saw such a British lot of people in my life. Some of the descendants of my staff came walking through the room, and for the life of me I wouldn't have known them from English aristocrats. One of them, indeed, called me a 'bloody old idiot,' because I helped make him a free-born American citizen instead of a slavng colonist like those Canadians. If this is the sassify I helped form, blamed if I don't turn my boat around and recross the Delaware, refuse the Presidency and go on a New York newspaper, where I can lie comfortably and get paid for it. It's very orchid to have to stand

here this way and listen to these people's delighted comments on a *Rhaphis flabelliformis*, that looks for all the world like a demented hollyhock, or an *Odontoglossum cirrhosum*, which, if it resembles anything, looks like an inebriated bumblebee. Orchids! Who ever saw an orchid in '96!"

"Go buy a toboggan and chute yourself, George," remarked the Emperor William, from the potentates' box on the other side of the room. "There's a bud in the other room that reminds me of the pipe of my ancestors, and I won't hear it maligned."

"You'd better puff it, then," retorted the Father of his country. "What are you, any way? You're nothing but a faded old tulip, and you know it."

"Well, I'd rather be a tulip than a wax ferryman with peach-blow trousers on ; and as for my being faded, I'm not planted yet, which is where I have the bulb on you."

"Bully for you, Billiam," ejaculated the Pope, as Washington stooped over and made a cotton snowball to throw at his adversary. "Go in and win ; I'm betting cardinals' hats on you."

"Did you hear about Columbus," said King Humbert to the Pope.

"No; is he dead?" replied the head of the Church.

"Dead? Why they've melted and recast him, so that he now represents Jay Gould discovering a paltry little blossom they call *Maranda Vanderluckii*."

"That's tough!" said the Pope.

"Stuff, is it? Well, you ask the management. You'll find it solid truth."

"It's an insult to Italy!" ejaculated the Pope.

"It is indeed!" said the Czar; "but what are you going to do about it?"

"Well, I suppose we'll have to apologize," replied King Humbert.

"I don't see any other way out of it. After all, we're only wax, and if the management opened fire on us this parliament would dissolve. By the way, Billiam, I see it's rumored about town that you're dead. Are you?"

"Well, I don't exactly know. I'm feeling a little rocky, to tell the truth. Both of my legs gave way last night, and rolled down-stairs into the crypt. All that supports me is this photographer's head steadier, which has me by the nape of the neck, and gives me an apoplectic sensation that bodes me ill. Every time that door opens the draught blows me to and fro and makes me kinder sea-sick—still, I don't think I'm dead yet. I don't look so, do I?"

"Oh, not so very dead!" kindly returned the Queen. "You always were rather corse in appearance, you know."

"Madame," said the Czar, "if you'll have that stuffed I think the Musee would exhibit it."

"What do you refer to, Alexander?"

"That giddy joke of yours, my dear. It was one of the two that Noah had with him on that archæological expedition of his to Mount Arrow-Root."

"Which shows, my dear Aleck, that it was worth preserving. I take notice that Noah didn't have two Czars on his boat!"

"No; but if you're as old as you look, my liegess, he had you there."

"Ah, there!" smiled the Pope.

"Oh, take a cup of tea!" cried the Prince of Wales, seeing that his mother was getting involved in war.

"English breakfast tea?" she asked.

"No, repartee!" retorted the Czar—which response created such excitement that the automatic fire-alarm threw double sixes, and the engines came and put the party out. *Carlyle Smith.*

Carlyle Smith.

AN ACCOMMODATING SPIRIT.

MISTRESS (*severely*): I have made the fire and cooked the breakfast!

NEW SERVANT: Well, mum, you needn't wait for me. After this, sit down and ate whin yez git it ready.

THE WAIL OF A LENTEN LOVER.

IN pious garb Clorinda goes,
Her sackcloth fits, 'tis tailor made,
And on her head ashes — of rose!
A bonnet of religious shade.
Her conversation, once so chic,
Is all of charities and slums;
Her bang looks out of curl and meek,
The curate now in favor comes.
The pompous fellow little knows
Upon what dangerous ground he's treading;
When Easter comes I'll pardon foes:
He shall officiate at our wedding.

M. H. M.

AT THE KURTZ ART GALLERY.

WESTERN MAN (*who has been doing Broadway and the Hoffman House, to gentleman*): Them pictures is good enough for anyone, but—how do you git to the bar?

WIRE PULLERS: The electric subway commission.

THERE is a man in Allentown, Pennsylvania, who has worn the same hat for eighteen years.

He ought to move to New York, so as to be eligible for Mr. Evart's position in the Senate when the long-winded statesman steps out.

NOTWITHSTANDING the recent severe frosts, peaches can be had at \$5.00 a dozen.

TRICKS OF TRADE.

YOUNG WOMAN (*timidly to clerk*): I would like to look at some false hair, please.

CLERK (*experienced*): Yes, ma'am. What color does your friend want?

Sale effected.

NEW BOOKS .

SONS AND DAUGHTERS. By the author of the story of "Margaret Kent." Boston: Ticknor & Co.

A Manual of Chiropsohy, Chirognomy, Chiromancy. By Ed. Heron-Allen. Illustrated by Rosamund B. Horsley. London: A. Grothwell.

The Jesuit's Ring: A Romance of Mt. Desert. By Augustus Allen Hayes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

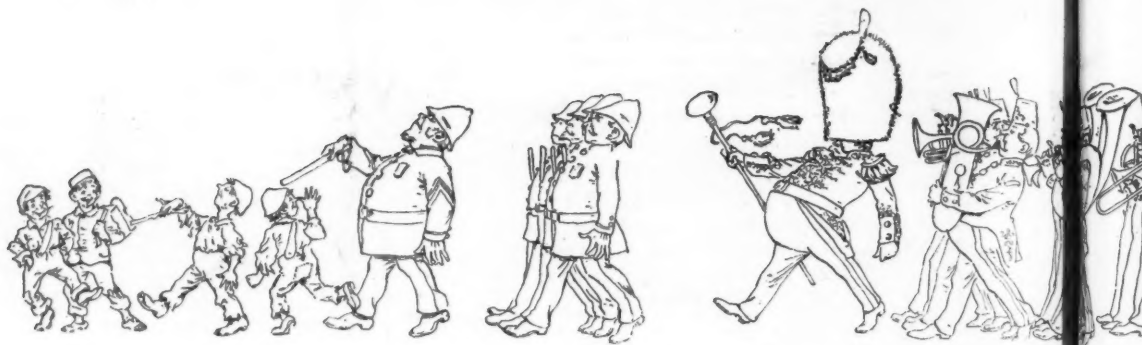
THE TEACHINGS OF BUFFALO BILL.



THE DECORATIVE CRAZE.

THERE ONCE WAS AN ACTRESS BURLESQUE, WHO'D AN EYE FOR THE QUAIN'T PICTURESQUE; SO THE SCREENS O'ER THE LIGHTS, SHE PAINTED O' NIGHTS, IN A WAY THAT WAS TRULY GROTESQUE.

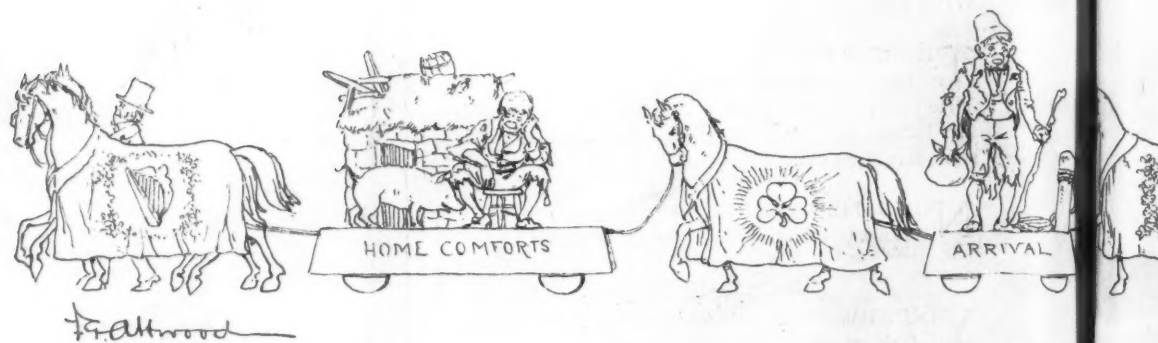




The Populace.

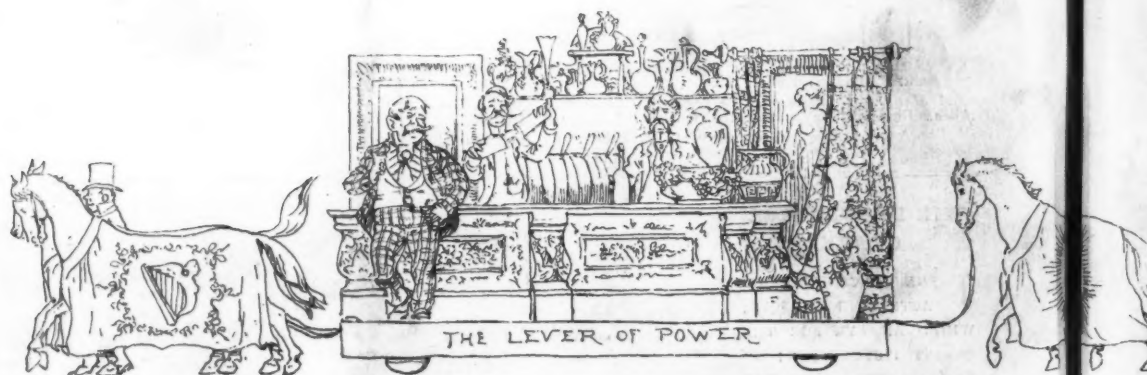
The Foorce.

Music (Mulligan's Band).



F. Galtwood

Moving Tableaux, illustrative of and prop



SUGGESTIONS FOR A STRIC



ulligan's Band).

Chief Marshal and Staff.



relative and progress of an adopted citizen.



A STRICK'S DAY PROCESSION.



PRESENCE OF MIND.

Farmer: WHAT YOU DOING HERE?

Colored Party: COUNTING THEIR CHICKENS, BOSS.

Farmer: WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU COUNTING THE CHICKENS FOR?

Colored Party: TO SEE IF ANY BEES MISSING. ISE GOT TWO HERE THAT I HAIN'T SURE BELONGS TO ME.

KISMET.

"I WILL know the worst!" he said—

"For oh, this wild unrest—

This pitiless, tense, unvoiced suspense,

It will kill me, unexpressed!"

So he said, "I will know the worst!"—

I will face her, with lifted brow,

And speak my love though the heavens above

Weep stars to stay the vow!"

"I will know the worst!" he said,

And low at her feet he fell;

Loosing the flood of his whole heart's blood

In the tale he had to tell.

And he knew, oh, he knew the worst,

As still he must needs confess,

In the sighs and tears of the fated years

Of his doom: She answered "Yes."

J. W. Riley.

THE STING IS IN THE TAIL.

FOUND, a postal-card, with the following inscription:

"Dear M. — Mother will leave for New York tomorrow, on the 10 A. M. train. She can only remain for a few days. Please meet her at Grand Central Station.—KATE.

"P.S.—Mother has postponed her visit.—K."

MORE THAN THE BARGAIN.

THE ancient proverb says, "You cannot get more out of a bottle than you put in it." That's an error. Besides what he put in, he can get a headache, a sick stomach, and perhaps ten days in the lock-up.



THE APPROACH OF THE YACHTING SEASON.

O HEART! my heart! pull down thy blinds and tie crape upon thy door-knob, for in a little while the long yachting season will be upon us, and the voice of Rachel will be heard weeping for those of her children who have gone down to the sea in rum-laden ships, and the columns of the daily press will be given over entirely to Yachting matters, yachting news, yachting gossip, and yachting discussions of every nature conceivable.

The campaign will be opened, as usual, with a prolonged squabble upon the subject of measurement and time-allowance, and, as usual, nothing will come of it, for everybody knows more about it than everybody else, and everybody else wants the rules arranged to suit his especial craft, and be-hanged to the rest of them. Then will come the startling announcement that the Commodore of the Old Rye Yacht Club has bought a bottle of hair-restorer, and that the ex-commodore of some other club has had a bad cold; but—the heavens be praised!—he is feeling somewhat better at present.

A little later all Christendom will be paralyzed by the announcement that Mr. Smith, of Tootsville on the Delaware, is thinking of building an eighteen-foot cat-boat, and that Mr. Jones has sold his sloop to a Mr. Robinson, of Newport, Kentucky, for the sum of seventy-five dollars, and the sloop in question will be at once overhauled and put into commission. Think of it!

Then a little later all business will come to a standstill and the sun will stop in its course, because it is reported in large capitals that Mr. Burgess (raise your hats and salaam, gentlemen!) has designed a boat exactly like the *Puritan*, save that her midship section is one inch deeper and she has a trifle more freeboard.

How trivial do the affairs of nations seem, and how small do such men as Hannibal and Napoleon appear when compared to a Burgess—a *divino*, *sanctissimo* Burgess!

And then the usual to-do over the international race will begin all over again, and the cup committee will worry themselves gray-headed over the question of whether or no they can accept the challenge and at the same time be dead sure of winning. And then in the course of time we shall have over again the same dreary old farce of a heavy-weather boat racing against a light-weather boat in smooth water and light winds; and the American eagle will flap its wings and screech itself hoarse with delight and surprise because a sprinter beats a long-distance heavy-weight over a short course, and thus demonstrates the superiority of all things American!

Then the European and financial news will be crowded out of the paper in order to make room for the reports that Mr. Binks's schooner is to be overhauled and painted, and

that Mr. Jenks's cutter the *Bloodonthemoon*, is to have a few pounds of ballast taken out of her, to make room, presumably, for an extra supply of champagne.

And then we shall read of nothing else but that this and that boat is overhauling and forever and eternally going onto marine railways and into dry docks to get their blessed barnacle-laden bottoms scraped and painted, and the process will be carefully described in every single instance, and an "extra" published in order to let the anxious public know when a boat has successfully come off the railway, preparatory to going on again at once, in order to have her bottom cleaned and painted.

And then the *Herald's* columns will be given over to announcing that Mr. Bullwinkle's steam yacht *Growler* passed the Whitestone station cruising eastward; then, dated half an hour later, a despatch will be printed to the effect that the

Growler passed the Whitestone station cruising westward, homeward bound. Great Jove! Just suppose for a moment that Mr. Bullwinkle had gone out for an hour's sail and the entire civilized world had failed to be informed of the fact! It would have been the end of things. Heavens and earth! however did our ancestors manage to get along without a daily press?

Why do they have such things as yachts? Must private bar-rooms always be afloat, and is there no quiet and secluded spot on dry land where one can retire and get satisfactorily tight? It begins to look as though there was no such place, and so we non-yachting people will have to cultivate patience and live on the hope that there will be no yachting in the next world, although hope, like red herring, is a pretty poor article of food for a steady diet.

Roland King.



HIS MISTAKE.

Aunt: WHY HAVE YOU BROKEN OFF YOUR ENGAGEMENT?

Niece: BECAUSE HE GOT IT INTO HIS HEAD THAT I INTENDED TO MARRY HIM.

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

During the last act of "Tristan and Isolde."

MAMMA (*to friend of the family who has just dropped in for a call*): What are the girls doing in the back of the box, Mr. Smithson?

SMITHSON: Oh! they're throwing bean-bags now, with Jones and Tompkins. But they've had a capital game of Puss-in-the-Corner.

MAMMA: Poor children! They must have something to while away the time.

A SATISFACTORY INTERVIEW.

WASHINGTON EDITOR (*to reporter*): Did you see Dan Lamont?

REPORTER: Yes, sir.

EDITOR: And what did he say about the President's going in for a second term?

REPORTER: He said that he didn't know anything about what the President intended to do.

EDITOR (*rubbing his hands*): Good! Make about a column of it.



AT THE EDEN MUSÉE.

She: WAL NOW, LUTHER, COULD ANYTHING BE MORE NATURAL?

He: BODY COULDN'T TELL IT FROM REAL IF THEY DIDN'T KNOW IT WUZ MADE O' WAX, 'CEPT THE NOSE IS RUTHER RED AND SHINEY FUR LIFE.

She: AND HIS EYES MOVE, TOO. EH!—WHAT? O!—LUTHER!!

A FISH STORY.

AN eagle and a cock were prowling around together one rainy day in Lent, looking for some fish. It happened that about all the available supply in the market had been cornered by a sly old dame named Britannia. As the two birds approached, she flatly refused to let them have any.

"What are we going to do about it?" said the eagle.

"I'll tell you," said the cock, who was a French bird, and full of vim. "She knows I am game; and I've got twenty-inch armor on my spurs, and plenty more where that came from; so I'll enter a strong protest."

And he protested.

After a little delay the old dame appeared and said that the Secretary of the Tape and Bundle Office informed her that "the Government was not justified in disregarding the strong protests of France;" so the cock was allowed to take as much fish as he liked.

The eagle looked on.

"I'm getting to be a pretty old fellow," he said, "going on to a hundred and twelve. I was a good fighter twenty-five years ago, but I'm getting out of repair. Wish I could make a *strong* protest."

Then he began thoughtfully to sharpen his bill against a tree; and at the time we last saw him it had grown into a great Retaliatory Bill; but just what he is going to do with it we are unable yet to state.

G. E. Hanson.

PROOF OF INNOCENCE.

SIR CHARLES DILKE has just inherited \$700,000. That man guilty? Never!



THE FREAK OF A MARCH WIND.



A UNIVERSAL GENIUS.

ONE young man lingered near the managing editor's desk, waiting for an appointment on the regular staff.

"But you drink?" said the manager, wishing to let the candidate down easy.

"Yes," replied the young man; "so did Alexander the Great."

"And you are a dude?" glancing at the youth's dandified dress.

"So was Disraeli."

"And you are a liar?"

"So was Napoleon Bonaparte."

"And you are head and ears in debt?"

"Like Alexander Dumas."

"And you are a glutton?"

"So was Peter the Great."

"And you swear occasionally?"

"So did George Washington."

"You are liable to get drunk?"

"Like Daniel Webster."

"You are not a college man?"

"Neither was Lincoln."

"And then you write a wretchedly illegible hand?"

"Like Horace Greeley."

"And you can't make a speech?"

"Like Grant."

"Well," said the manager, plunging into a heap of manuscript, "anyhow, we don't want you; you won't do. Good morning!"

The young man turned away exceedingly sorrowful.

"It's no sort of use," he said. "A fellow combines in his own brain and person the traits of all the great men from Alexander to Grant, and can't even get a place on the Brooklyn Eagle. This world is growing too fast for genius."—*Burdette.*

"Was there nothing in my story," reproachfully writes Augustus, "that was good for anything?" Bless you, yes, Augustus, the three stamps inclosed in it for return postage were good for six cents. Howells' self never used better ones.—*Burdette.*

A MESSENGER boy from Commodore Bateman's Wall Street office was sent out yesterday to hunt up Mr. Harvey Durand, with the message that Commodore Bateman wanted to see him. The youth returned and reported that Mr. Durand was in Delmonico's. "Anybody with him?" asked the commodore. "Yes, sir," replied the lad, "a gentleman and six brokers."—*New York Sun.*

WHAT THE WAVES WERE SAYING.

"I HAVE found out what it was the wild waves were saying?" observed the snake editor.

"What was it?" asked the horse editor.

"Let us spray."—*Ex.*

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW is quoted as having recently asked a banjo club to "disturb the silence."—*Ex.*

SENATOR DAWES does not pose as a humorist, but his wit is keen at times. During the boundary line controversy between Massachusetts and Rhode Island the subject came up at a dinner-table in Washington, and a Rhode Island Member of Congress, waxing indignant over it, exclaimed to Mr. Dawes: "Dawes, it's a shame for Massachusetts to attempt to steal a part of Rhode Island! a confounded shame!" "Don't make so much fuss about it," retorted Dawes. "If we should steal your whole State it would only be petit larceny, and a justice of the peace would have jurisdiction."—*Boston Journal.*

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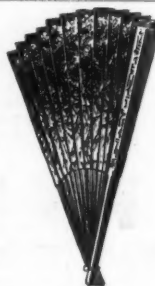


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